

DEMON STAYER

CH2: WHAT DOES THAT SPELL?

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From the perspective of Nezuko Kamado, things seemed to be a little more ‘normal’ whenever they had to return to lick their wounds. But that wasn’t really worth much, not when the girl herself was stuck in a perpetual state of incoherence thanks to the demon transformation that had otherwise wracked her body up until the point that she was able to resist.

As a result the girl was much *simpler* when it came to her mind, her mental state somewhere between the reasonability of a human and the instinctual state of an animal. All in all, it rendered her much more like a child than anything in terms of her mannerisms and decision making skills. But none of that seemed to matter to the others. So long as she could prevent herself from becoming a full demon in terms of behavior, then she was fine as she was until they could reverse what had been done to her.

But the Butterfly Mansion was basically her ‘home’ by this point in time. They had returned her to train, to heal, and to be taken care of. The leader, Shinobu Kocho, was incredibly endeared to Nezuko and made sure that she received the best treatment she could despite her circumstances. But unlike her brother and the boys, due to her regenerative abilities she didn’t need weeks to heal whenever something went awry.

So if anything? Maybe she was a little *bored* hanging around the Mansion, even if the other girls did make time to play with her. So when she had been asked to go get her brother for dinner? Simple as she was, Nezuko had been *beyond* excited to have something to do where she could be useful, as opposed to relying on everyone else for a change.

This was also a testament to how much they trusted her despite the fact that she was a demon.



And so she ran through the small thicket of trees that she knew was between the mansion and the area where Tanjirou had been going to train as of late. Sometimes he took her to watch, so she was familiar with the route. Even though it had gotten *really* foggy out of nowhere, that familiarity and her enhanced senses allowed her to find the way.

“**MMPH!?**” At least until something prompted her to stop dead in her tracks and groan through the bamboo gag that was bound tightly to her lips. Nezuko hadn’t *entirely* stopped of her own volition either, it was more like she had just *frozen* entirely. But she could smell and sense the presence of an unfamiliar demon. They were very, *very* close. But what the girl didn’t realize?

Was that she was sensing a change in *herself*.

There wasn’t much that the young demon could do even if she *did* understand what was happening. “**Mmph!?** **MMPH!** **MMMMPH!**” But at most she could barely move her head while making noises through the gag she was wearing. From her point of view there was simply *something* holding her in place. But that in itself didn’t seem dangerous? It almost felt *comforting*. But the smell of another demon was what had her on edge.

With the limited movement that she possessed, it was of no surprise that the girl had been rendered incapable of properly noting that her body was changing outside of her own control. It almost began cutely too, with a band of tanned spots running across her nose like adorable little freckles. Had they *stayed* there, then it might not have been as alarming. Yet they spread not only across the rest of the girl’s face, but her *entire* body before expanding and fusing, leaving her complexion as a natural tan that had been completely born of her melanin levels.

“**Mmph?**” Could she vaguely tell that something was happening? It was hard to say, but it absolutely *was* happening regardless of whether Nezuko had a hunch or not. In fact, her skin evidently wasn’t even the only part of her body destined to be affected by a change in birth color. Her pastel pink eyes, for example, soon inherited some blue that took the pink and shifted it towards a pastel purple instead.

And an even *lighter* variation of that color found the tips of the girl's hair, which were already colored differently from the rest of her mane. It ultimately wasn't *only* these tips that were dyed in this lilac though, for it soon swept throughout all of these ragged locks. Yet the changes to Nezuko's hair did not even stop with this change of color. Instead? Almost like they had just been exposed to a great deal of humidity, they expanded and fluffed up – growing longer all the while until they tickled her ankles. In the end the overall style of her hair was completely different than it once had been. Soft and silky despite its fluffiness, some of her bangs had even fallen down to cover a once bare forehead.

There were even changes *facially*, but if Nezuko still had control of her body she still wouldn't have been able to notice those. But her eyes widened and her face, overall, seemed to stretch just a bit longer with a chin that was now slightly stronger than it had once been. A longer nose, now slightly hooked, likewise contributed to a face that was convincingly Middle Eastern – better matching the color of her skin. Her face might have been prettier than before, but it definitely didn't look like *Nezuko's* face.

“Mmph? Whath ith...?” Something was happening mentally clearly, for the spell of demonic instincts that typically obscured the girl's ability to reason and express herself properly was thinning. She was now capable of much more complicated thoughts, and she was beginning to be able to vocalize them in the human language, albeit still muffled by the bamboo gag she was wearing. While this might have suggested she was becoming *less* of a demon, the emergence of pointed ears from the sides of her head, so inhuman in shape, almost seemed to suggest the opposite.

A very limited amount of movement was ultimately returned to her, but only enough so that she could retain her balance as the next wave of changes kicked in. **“EEP!?”** The voice that called through the gag was airier and almost more mature in how it sounded, and it oh so quickly became obvious as to why this was the case, for it was also the reason she needed to balance in the first place.

Nezuko's point of view was rapidly rising and her kimono appeared increasingly small across her body. It wasn't just her limbs, but her torso and all that were steadily lengthening – adding a considerable amount of height to her body before she reached the height of 5'5". But she wasn't *just* taller, as her face reflected the age of a young woman rather than a demon that was bound to the body of a twelve year old.

Her kimono had been lifted up and off her hips, her legs almost completely exposed now. But this offered a view into just what was happening *with* those legs as her hips grew wider and her knees then

naturally tilted in towards each other. The tanned flesh of her thighs swelled so that her skin was pulled taught around them, and similarly her rear pushed the back of her kimono out. But rather than become excessive? The weight of these areas was still quite lean – albeit supplemented with muscles reflective of an active lifestyle.

The same, really, could have been said about the *woman's* chest. There had been next to nothing there before, seeing as she had essentially been a child physically. But now? Flesh had burgeoned and pushed forward, rounding into a pair of C-cup breasts that would readily fill her palms were she to grab them. They unraveled her kimono enough so that you could see her tanned cleavage too, but all in all? The kimono was basically an oversized shirt just *barely* covering her essentials.

Long fingers reached up behind her head and through her fluffy hair, the demon now confused about only a *single* thing: *Why am I gagged!?* There was so much pep to this thought, and that pep had in fact spread to *all* of her thoughts as her energy built. With a strength that certainly wasn't human, she managed to pull off the gag entirely and let it drop to the ground.

“Heehee~! What was I doing again?” It was much easier to see the bright smile upon the demon's face without the bamboo gag stifling her ability to speak any further. Her purple eyes were bright, her tanned skin tight, and each of her movements had a rhythmic appeal to it almost as if she was dancing. But she was overflowing with energy and was basically just bouncing around a small chunk of the foggy thicket. **“I'm so happy, I could give a cheer~!”**



Based on the woman's appearance, maybe it wasn't all that surprising that she would have a desire like this? She was missing the pom-poms and the outfit and sort of resembled an Arabian dancer, but in truth she was a demon who had been raised to be a *Cheerleader*. To hype up her fellow demons and celebrate their victories! To inspire on the battlefield!

“Do you need a ride, darling?” Before she could start cheering though, a succubus dropped down before her. More naked than she was (for the Cheerleader still had Nezuko's kimono draped over her shoulders) and it seemed like the woman was sizing up her curves.

Didn't this work out? Being saved by a sexy succubus? Because *Nia* the Cheerleader had noooo idea where she was!

“HOORAY!”